MOON KNIGHT™

CULLEN BUNN • RON ACKINS • TOM PALMER • DAN BROWN

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014

MOON KNIGHT

Mercenary Marc Spector died in Egypt, under the statue of the ancient deity Khonshu. He returned to life in the shadow of the moon god, and wore his aspect to fight crime for his own redemption.

This is what happened next.

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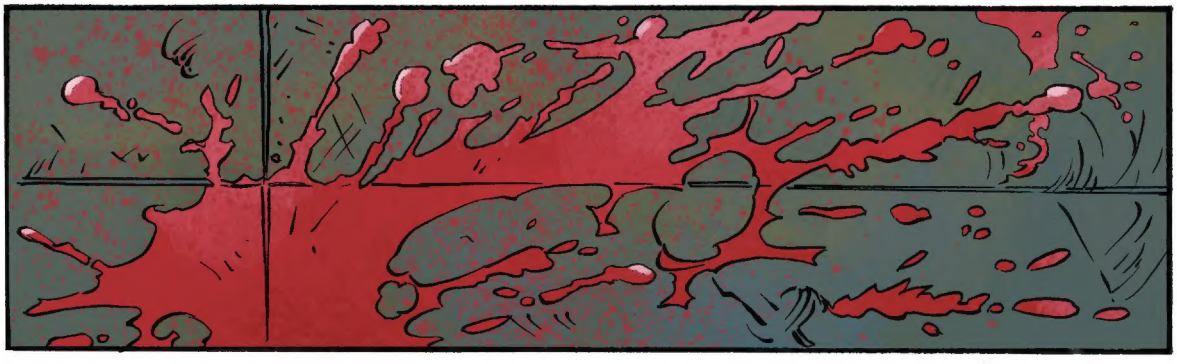
MOON KNIGHT

"OLD GODS' FAVORS"

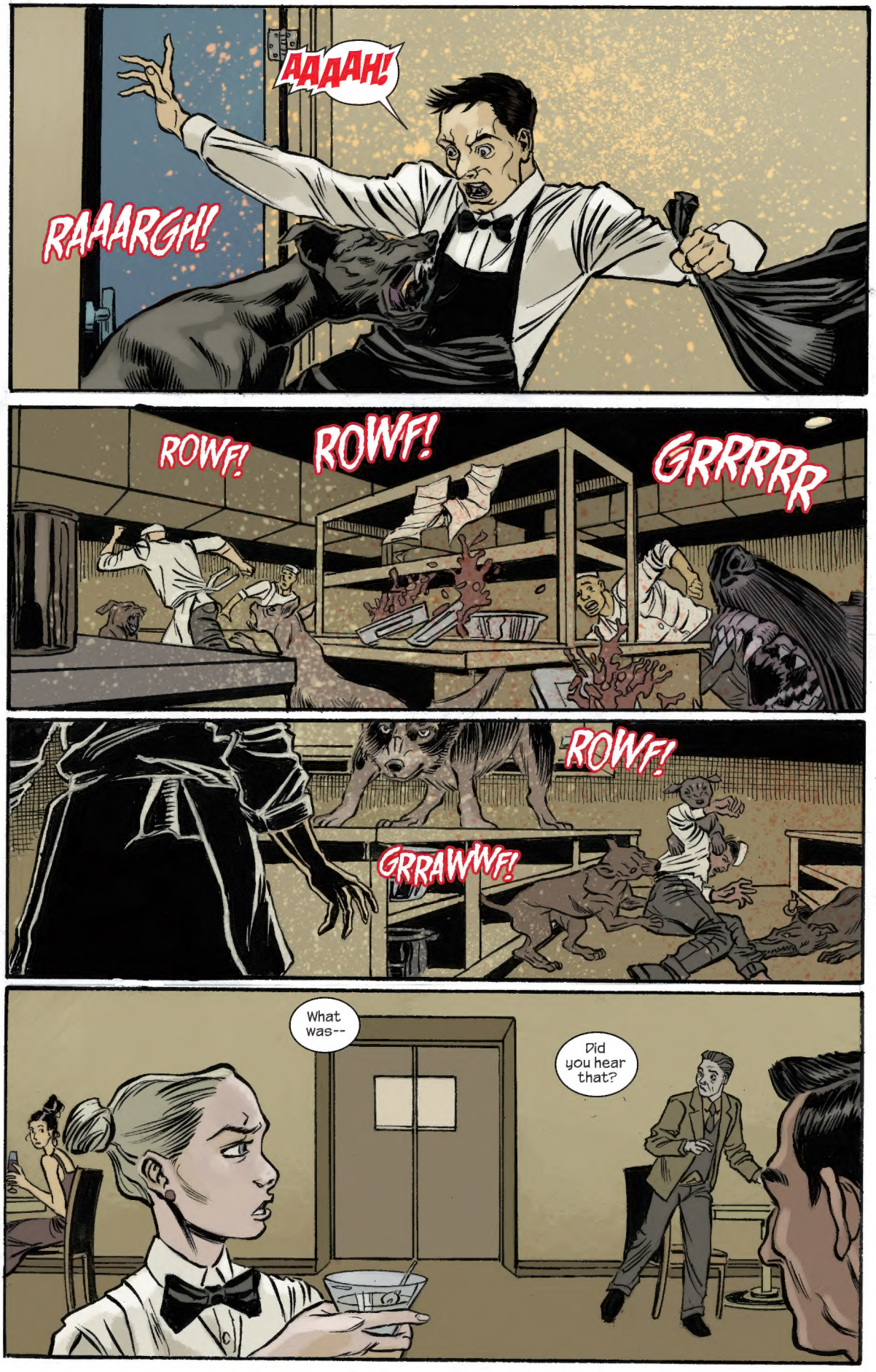


I can see the *headlines* now.
"Werewolves by Night."
If *that's* the case, Detective Flint...
...it's a good thing you contacted me.
I *know* werewolves.
Right.
That kind of *weird* is the reason I asked...
...at the risk of losing my badge...
...*again*...
...for you to consult on this.

Your secret's safe with me.
Look at this poor bastard.
His *haircut* probably cost more than my *suit.*
It would seem the only thing the victims have in common is *money.*
That should make *most* people feel safe, at least.
True.
But... even if you hadn't contacted me...
...my *presence* here would have been *demanded.*
As you can see, *greater powers* have taken an interest in this case.
Why the *confusion,* Detective?
Can't you see?

Even the gods call in *favors* from time to time.
Whatever it is you want me to see...
...I think it's outside my *pay grade.*
It's the *burden* of any *priest*...
...to inspire *faith* in what cannot be seen...
"...when *only* faith can open one's eyes."
Wha? Where'd he go?

LATER.
DAVID'S
DAVID'S
Have you heard anything back from Carlyle?
--to book that trip tomorrow.
I hear the calamari here is to die for.
Would you like cracked pepper with that?
Where are we on the beef Wellington?
...managed prep on my own!
Salads are ready for table three.
Excuse me.
Coming through.


AAAAH!
RAAARGH!
ROWF!
ROWF!
GRRRRRR
ROWF!
GRRAWWF!
What was--
Did you hear that?

RRRRRRRRR
Do something!
Dogs?
Get to the exit!
No sudden moves!
RRRRRRRR
RRRRR
GRRAAAR!
EEEEE!

RRRRR--
YELP!
WHHUMP
RRRRRR..
Boo.
Move! Move!
Who was that?
Some vigilante freak?
Gonna get eaten alive!

YIPE!
YARP!
GRRAAWFF!
THUMM-CRASH
Hhht!
KRRSSH

GGGAGH!
Nnn.
Unnh!
SHHRP
GRRRAAWWR!
AAAGH!

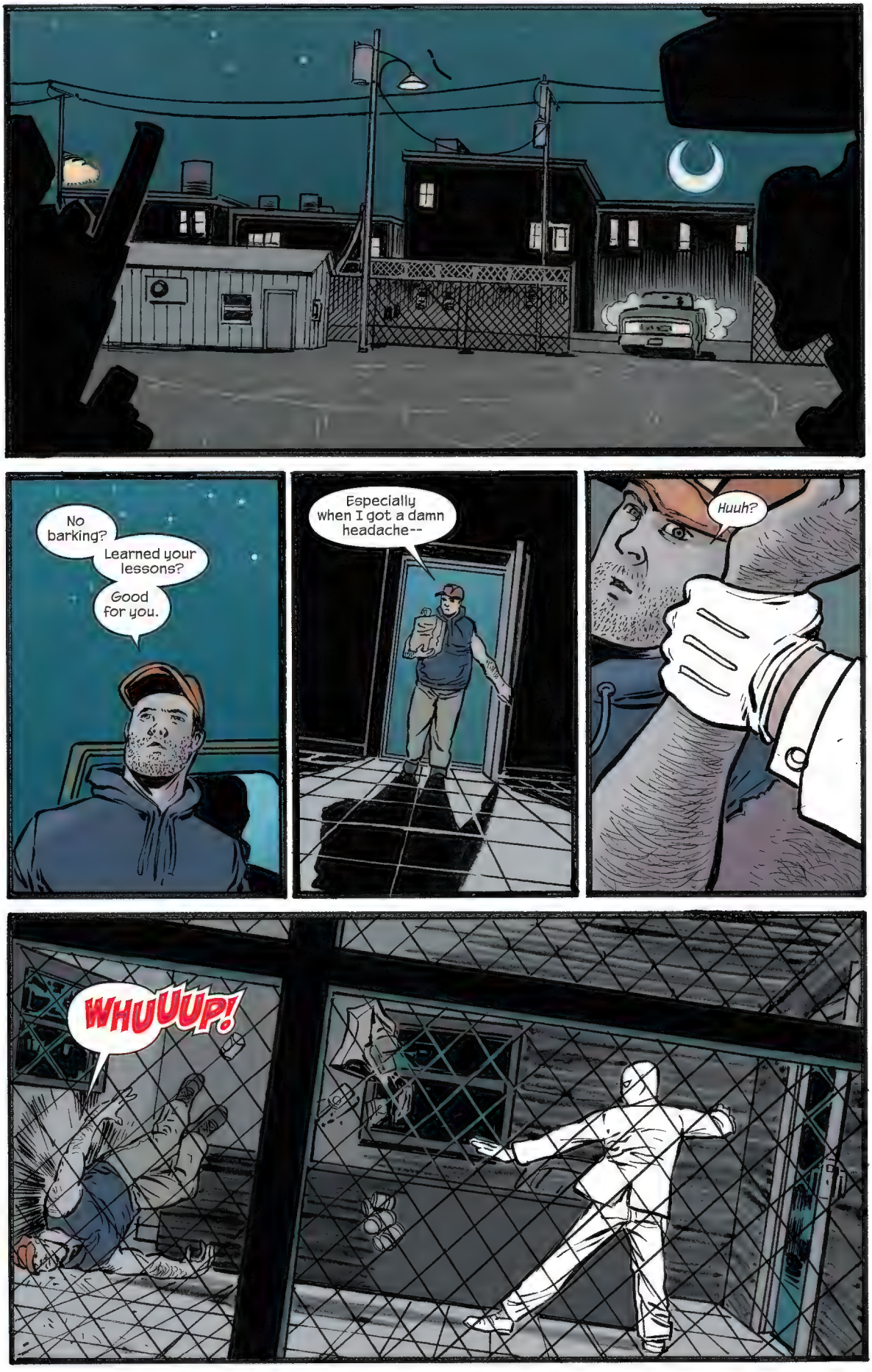
GRRR!
SNAP
GRAWF!
Get...
...off!
PSSSHH
That's right...
...you...
...better run.

Run...
...and tell me where you're headed.
Dumb mutts.
Don't you realize...

"...I'm trying to help you?"
7 SONS AUTO SALVAGE
Hsst!
Ruined another damn suit.

BWARK!
BARK!
RAWF!
RAWF!
Ah.
Dammit.
SHLK
This didn't kill you, did it?
Someone else did this.
You *failed*...
...and this was *punishment*.
Sorry about that.
But I'll make it up to you.
BARK!
RAWF!
RAWF!

BARK! BARK! BARK!
Testoni Norvegese.
That's a nice shoe.
Used to own a few pairs myself.
WAHNNNNNNE
We've all seen better days, yeah?


No barking?
Learned your lessons?
Good for you.
Especially when I got a damn headache--
Huuh?
WHUUUP!

I have to know...
...what is it you hoped to accomplish?
Training dogs to track expensive clothing...
...to target the wealthy...
...beating them...
...teaching them to be *vicious.*
Whu--
What makes those rich scum so special?
What makes them so much better than me?
Gonna knock them off their high horses.
It's not *your* job to *teach* anyone.
The mighty fall...
...or they don't...
...as *fate* dictates.
You're... just one of them...ain't you?
A *rich guy...*
...protecting your *rich friends.*
Wrong on both counts.
I'm not one of them.
And I'm *not* protecting them.

I protect travelers in the night.
I am the *shepherd.*
This is my *flock.*
And every dog has its day.

YEEAAAARRGH!!
SNNNRRL!
SNAP!
GRRAAGF!
Get them off!
Get them off me!

Khonshu protects you.
And bids you tell your master...
...we're *even.*